

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL READERS

Georgina Farm Canvass Wins Praise As Example

WAR SAVINGS PLEDGES OF \$915 MONTHLY WIN PRAISE

The War Savings committee for the township of Georgina, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Harry Corner of Pefferlaw, have turned in an interim report of the war savings purchases and pledges they have obtained so far. This committee is composed of the members of the Women's Institute of Pefferlaw and other women's bodies in Georgina. These patriotic war savings workers called on every farm in the township and have produced over \$915 worth of war savings pledges. Pledges are still coming in.

"Here is a concrete example of what results can be obtained by citizens who are interested in working for victory," comments W. H. A. Thorburn, war savings supervisor, Toronto. "Some municipal bodies have not backed war savings, feeling that their citizens could not save and lend. The war savings workers in the township of Georgina have shown these places up very badly. Results can be obtained if the will is there."

IN THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Doings of those serving their country on land, on the sea, and in the air.

Contributions welcomed for this column—Phone 12.

H. S. DALEY DIES AT 83, LIVED HERE SINCE 1915

AC2 Bruce Prest of the R.C.A.F., Trenton, passed the examinations held there recently and is now stationed in New Brunswick.

AC2 Harold Rutledge has been transferred from No. 6 R.C.A.F. training school, Toronto, to the elementary flying school at Goderich.

Sgt. Percy Pemberton arrived safely in England recently, according to a letter received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Pemberton.

Gordon Ough of the R.C.A.F., who has been stationed in Toronto, is now at Goderich.

WILL HOLD FIRST XMAS REUNION SINCE 1885

A family reunion will be held on Christmas night at the home of Mrs. W. R. Ashenhurst, when her sister, Mrs. H. J. Crowder, Newmarket, and her two brothers, Dr. D. J. Bagshaw, Toronto, and Dr. D. E. Bagshaw, Saginaw, Mich., and her daughter, Mrs. D. B. Beckett, Queensville, and Mr. Beckett, will be guests.

This is the first time that the family have all been together for Christmas since 1885.

Hostess To Newmarket R.C.A.F. Officer Writes

Mrs. H. Ernest Saxon has received the following letter from Mrs. Adams, Cliff Close, Highcliffe, Hants, who entertained her son, Pilot Officer Jack Malcolm, recently:

"Every Saturday, four R.A.A.F. dominion officers or sergeants come out here by bus from Bournemouth. They play tennis and have tea and then I take them around Highcliffe castle. The grounds adjoin ours. They are most interested, as it is full of lovely things and one unlovely as the late German emperor put up a window, when he entered the castle before the last war, as he meant to live there when England was conquered."

"Your son was in great form and is hoping to come out again, but they are moved on so quickly I seldom have the same ones out again, but if they are wounded (God forbid) or seedy, they all come to me to convalesce. I always ask them if they'd like me to write to their mothers or wives and they think it is a grand idea."

GORMLEY BREEDERS WIN MINK CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Leitchcroft Fur Farms at Gormley were winners of the grand champion mink pelt at the Ontario Fur Breeders' Association annual pelt show in Toronto last week and also won the adult female mink pelt championship.

GROCERY STORE BROKEN INTO, TOBACCO STOLEN

Molineaux's Main St. grocery store was broken into early this morning and a small amount of cigarettes and tobacco stolen.

Yours sincerely,
H. W. Adams.

CHILDREN DO GREAT WORK AT CONCERT

HOME AND SCHOOL ASSOCIATION LENDS AUSPICES

USE N.H.S. HALL

The December meeting of the Home and School Association took the form of the public school's Christmas concert, which was held at the high school in the auditorium on Wednesday evening.

The president, Mrs. J. C. R. Edwards, was master of ceremonies. She extended a cordial welcome to between five and six hundred parents, children and friends.

Mrs. Edwards thanked the principal, J. B. Bastedo, sincerely, and also the members of the high school board for their kindness in granting permission to hold the Christmas concert in the auditorium.

Mrs. Edwards also thanked the public schools principal, H. A. Jackson, and his splendid teaching staff, for the great deal of thought, time and effort they had expended in making the schools' Christmas concert the real letter evening of the school year.

Speaking for the members of the Home and School Association, Mrs. Edwards stated that it is felt that a real part of a child's education is in appearing and participating from time to time in public functions before audiences larger than his own class.

First on the program was a pantomime, "Britannia," by the senior girls of the King George school, with musical accompaniment. Mary Shanks played the part of Britannia.

The "Shoemakers' Dance" was by the junior boys and girls of the Alexander Muir school. These little folk were dressed in pretty little tissue costumes and while dancing demonstrated many of the cobbler's actions while making shoes. Mrs. Raymond Taylor, Miss Ila Haines and Miss Amelia Rogers were responsible for this number.

The play, "Old King Cole," was beautifully executed by the pupils of the Stuart Scott school. Many of the favorite nursery rhyme characters appeared for His Majesty's pleasure.

The corner solos of Donald Cribar, Grade VIII, King George school, were a delight and were much enjoyed.

The dance, "Ship Ahoy," by the junior pupils of the King George school, was fine to see. The girls were smartly dressed in costumes of red, white and blue, while the boys wore little white sailor suits and hats.

The play, "He that Hops," by the Alexander Muir school, was well acted. It was an amusing rendition of one of the old fairy stories, Miss Nellie Holliday, Miss Evelyn Denne and J. P. Scott planned and directed it.

Carol singing was led by the public school choir, directed by Mrs. M. B. Seldon, and accompanied by Helen Epworth. The audience appreciated being invited to join with the choir in singing some of these carols.

The funeral service, which was held at the funeral chapel of Radhouse and Rose on Saturday afternoon, was conducted by Rev. T. H. Cotton, D.D., of Toronto, who is filling the pulpit of St. Paul's church temporarily. Pall-bearers were Jas. Crocker, Chas. Bovair, Arthur Filley, Harvey McCordick, W. O. Carruthers and Fred Roare. Interment was made in Newmarket cemetery.

BERYL JACKSON PALMER PAYS VISIT TO TOWN

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer of Toronto, a recently married couple, were visitors at The Era office on Thursday. Mrs. Palmer was formerly Beryl Jackson of Montreal, a granddaughter of the late Lyman Jackson, for many years publisher of The Era, and attended the King George school in Newmarket for three years. Before her marriage she was engaged with her two brothers in a large typesetting business in Montreal.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Jackson, who are now living in Montreal.

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The Newmarket Era

FOUNDED 1852

ONTARIO'S FIRST PAID-IN-ADVANCE WEEKLY AND MEMBER OF CANADIAN WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS ASSOCIATION. MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

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ANDREW OLDING HEBB
RUTH DINGMAN HEBB
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

142 MAIN ST., NEWMARKET

MONDAY, DECEMBER 22ND, 1941

CHRISTMAS MIDST WAR

If it were not for Christmas, mankind might become discouraged. Christmas, with its practical Christianity, its beautiful religious services, its gift-giving and fun and jollity, makes humanity forget to some extent the barbarity called war to which the world has temporarily returned. Christmas too turns time backward, bringing to each a flood of happy childhood memories, and gives birth to the prayer that today's children may grow up to find, not a world in which men fight over money, markets, territory and power, but a world in which mankind is organized and ready to start out on the long trail of united discovery of man's true destiny.

It will be easier for the home folks, however, than for Canadians in uniform away from home and particularly for Canadians across the oceans on active service, to forget the war. Many of the soldiers, sailors and airmen will be on duty even on Christmas day. It is to be hoped that they receive safely all their Christmas parcels from home. It is much more to be hoped—it is to be prayed—that as many as possible of them may return home safely, for on their new knowledge and their leadership Canada will be greatly dependent in making her contribution to the new world of international friendship and co-operation.

Though the struggle at arms is long and for many hard, the outlook is brighter. Belief that the war would be won has become knowledge that it will be won, and though nobody believes that more good than harm can come from war it is likely that much that is new and different and good will come out of this struggle. Christ may be born again.

NON-PARTISAN EDUCATION

Some Ontario towns have a public school board and a high school board, while others have a board of education. It is a matter of option. An advantage of the board of education is that it is handling so much business that it cannot hide its light under bushel, and the public is able to keep in touch with what it is doing through the press. Nearby towns which have a board of education include Oakville and Bowmanville.

The Bowmanville board, meeting a couple of weeks ago, heard a request from the teaching staff for a cost of living bonus. A staff of 23 teachers would receive increases totalling \$5,000 a year.

One, Inspector T. R. McEwan, suggested that public school students should study current events more, and named a certain well-known daily newspaper that might be provided "on the ground that it is supposed to be a non-partisan organ and because its comic section is smaller and less harmful than others," reports the Bowmanville Canadian Statesman. The Statesman itself has even less comics and might be an even more suitable newspaper for the children to study, but unfortunately it has been taking the part of Durham county's farmers and therefore cannot qualify as "non-partisan," whereas the other newspaper suggested qualifies definitely as "non-partisan" on the ground that it has not been taking the part of the striking miners at Kirkland Lake.

OUT OF RETIREMENT

Government officials at Ottawa are said to be predicting tougher times for the farmer in 1942, and a "widening call on retired farmers." In other words, farm help is going to be even more difficult to obtain, and retired farmers will have to be attracted back to the farms, either as operators or hired help. They certainly won't be attracted back to the farms as operators at a time when the movement is away from the farms, and they won't be drawn back to the farms as hired help unless the government supplements the wages farmers can pay. Farm prices should have been allowed to go much higher—to a point that would make farming profitable—before being frozen.

WHAT OTHERS THINK

THE PRICE CONTROL MEASURE

(Simon Reformer)

After spending one full week with the wartime prices and control board at Ottawa we came away convinced that the administration of the new price ceiling legislation is in very competent hands and that with general acceptance on the part of consumers, retailers, wholesalers, manufacturers, farmers and all other parties concerned, the new plan can be made to work.

In the words of Chairman Donald Gordon, the measure must succeed if we are to avoid inflation and a complete breakdown in our wartime economic set-up. He acknowledges that there are many obstacles to be overcome, but he and his associates, including many of the leading figures in Canada's business world, are confident and determined that the difficulties will be solved and that the price control will be moving along smoothly within a short time. As an indication of the importance of price control, Secretary

Kenneth Taylor points out that the saving to the dominion government alone, biggest wartime buyer in Canada, will amount to not less than four or five hundred million dollars a year if a 25 percent price increase due to inflation can be avoided.

The important role which housewives can fill is repeatedly stressed at Ottawa. They are asked to keep a vigilant check on the prices of commodities which they buy. Some may have kept records of prices paid by them during the basic period, Sept. 15 to Oct. 11. If not, they are asked to keep such records henceforth. The board hopes that there will be cordial co-operation between housewives and retailers in maintaining the price ceiling, but where a definite violation of the ceiling has occurred and cannot be satisfactorily adjusted, a complaint should be lodged with the regional price and supply representative. There will be no Gestapo methods used by the enforcement officers and no intimidation of retailers. Fred A. McGregor, the enforcement officer of the board, believes that the vast majority of complaints can be adjusted by conference. Only persistent offenders will be prosecuted.

The price control measure may be the forerunner of rationing of non-essential commodities. Extension of the war to the Pacific, according to Mr. Gordon, is certain to result in a serious reduction of imports of some commodities and he expects that an important restriction of consumers' goods will occur. The ban now placed on sale of new automobile tires and the heralded rationing of gasoline starting April 1, 1942, are symptoms of what is in store. Under these circumstances it is fortunate that the price control measure was instituted in time to check the upward spiral of prices. Success of the plan will mean that Canada's contribution to the empire war program will be far greater than could have been the case without it. It will mark the first time, incidentally, that any nation has successfully carried out a program to control inflation during a major war.

HACKING AND SLASHING ARE NOT CARVING

(Fort Erie Times-Review)

Carving, and especially the carving of poultry, can be either a joy to behold or a disgusting spectacle—according to whether or not the carver knows his job.

The competent operator manipulates his dissecting instruments with graceful precision, delicately disjoining and slicing. The bungler, who has never taken the trouble to study even the first principles of carving, substitutes brute force and ignorance for skill. Such ineptitude, applied to the dismemberment of a roast goose or a roast duck, is almost always disastrous. Not knowing just where to sever the bird's various joints, the operator draws the carving knife back and forth in a vain attempt to saw through the bones of legs and wings. This part of the performance usually ends by the limbs being pried apart and literally torn from the carcass—the fork being used as a lever.

Next the breast is attacked and because its easy slicing offers an opportunity to recoup some lost prestige, is usually hacked off in thick slabs—so that it is all gone before everybody is served.

The best that can happen to such a duffer is that the bird will end up on the table rather than in somebody's lap.

Yet successful carving is not difficult of accomplishment. The art is fully explained in most cook-books and can be learned readily. The trouble is that too many people seem to think that the ability to carve properly is instinctive—like being able to breathe. If any of our readers hold to that belief, a little study of the subject will prove enlightening. Also it will likely result in a more enjoyable Christmas dinner for themselves and their families.

THE YOUNGER MEN

(New Liskeard Temiskaming Speaker)

In the street corner gossip which followed the annual nomination meeting in the town of Cobalt last weekend, one citizen observed that, in his view, there were too many young men on the municipal council of the silver town. He thought that ratepayers of riper years, and with more experience of life (but not necessarily of the conduct of public business), should be at the civic controls. It is a curious objection to make, in view of the fact that in so many communities the cry has been that the burden of looking after the affairs which are the common concern of all has been left largely to the faithful few who had carried on year after year, with too great a tendency on the part of younger electors to leave them to the task and not offering to share the load.

HORSES MAY BECOME VALUABLE

(High River, Alberta, Times)

When you look back over the past, you realize that no truer words were ever said than that most folks wear themselves out worrying over things that never happen. So the alarms which have been sounded recently that farmers may have to go back to horses does not seem to justify lying awake and worrying. Fuel oils and gas have now come to be as vital a factor in farm production as in industrial life, and to impose heavy restrictions or deny such essential material to the farms would be to cripple the most vital asset of war or peace—food production. Regulations can go a long way in restricting use of gas in pleasure driving, and there will be little protest from the public. But it would be a serious situation if ordinary farm industry suffered imposition of higher prices or stiff quotas.

It is not only western Canada that would be affected. Power farming is gaining a big foothold on eastern farms, and reports from old Ontario tell of the many farmers now getting tractors, mainly because of the shortage of manpower. But there are indications which point to an increasing demand for horses—not only in this country but the world over. Possibility of fuel shortages are on the horizon and this may revive the use of horses for deliveries of all sorts, and for the holder of small acreage. The man who continues to keep a few horses on the place may be justified in looking to them to bring him better returns than for some years past.

There are many services in which horse power might be used to good advantage, one of which is the revival of buggy riding. But to expect old dobbin in his present state of depletion to man the agricultural scene overnight is too fantastic.

The Common Round

CHRISTMAS

By Isabel Inglis Colville

Two thousand years ago nearly all the then-known world bowed to the might that was Rome's.

The Jews, stiff-necked, stubborn and imbued with a strong sense of their importance as God's chosen people made sporadic attempts to free themselves from the Roman yoke, only to find their uprisings quelled and a stricter enforcement of Roman rule.

And now the crowning insult, every person must go to their own city to be taxed.

One can imagine the crowded roads; the people on foot or on donkeys, hurrying to reach their destination, yet scurrying aside if a company of Roman soldiers came into view, for would not Caesar's legionnaires drive straight ahead with little regard for those in the way?

And among all the places that were crowded with men, women and children returning to the place of their birth was Bethlehem—Bethlehem of whom the prophet had said that out of it should come a Saviour of Israel. The little walled city among the Judean hills would be crowded to capacity. And yet here, crowded out of the inn, crowded out of the houses of the town, there happened the most wonderful, the most glorious, the most breath-taking event which ever happened or could happen on earth.

A little child was born in a cave, under the deep blue, star-strewn sky of Bethlehem! Maybe other little children came into the world in the city that night, but none other was announced by angels, whose songs of peace and goodwill and whose glorious beauty startled the shepherds and sent them hurrying to Bethlehem.

To none other did wise men—princes from far lands, laden

with rich gifts, come to hail Him king and offer gifts.

And so came the beauty of Christmas; and because of the magnificent sky, with its wonderful star; because of the song of the angelic hosts and the splendor of the wise men and their gifts, we try to make everything about our Christmas beautiful.

We set up beautiful trees in our homes, and trim them with jewel-like baubles in memory of the wise men's jewels; we top our trees with glittering stars, that, looking up at them, we may remember the star that led the wise men to the infant Christ.

We give gifts to those we love and to those who are alone and sad and to those who need comfort, because two thousand years ago God gave a gift to earth; a child who was to be for all time a comfort to the sorrowing, a friend to the friendless, a strong hold to the fearful and a light to shine into all the dark places of the world.

I've heard people say, "Do you think it's right to keep Christmas this year?"

Why not—more than ever before.

Christ's coming was in a dark and terror-holding time—as dark comparatively as now—and it brought new strength and comfort and a new life to the whole world.

It will be through Christ's teaching that peace and order will eventually evolve out of world chaos, when the evil shall be wiped out and men from all nations gather to plan a safe and sane order.

So let us make our homes lovely and give as we can where giving will bring joy, and sing our carols and think with thankfulness of the first Christmas morn.

THE CHUMS MAKE PLANS FOR CHRISTMAS

BY RUTH DINGMAN HEBB

"I hardly know what to wish for in the way of Christmas weather," chirped Nutty Nuthatch to a group of his friends who were flying about in some evergreen trees. "Here it is just a few days before Christmas and the snow is almost gone."

"And what there is of it is rather dirty and gray looking, to say the least," added Hattie, his mate.

"If there's no snow, our natural food will be ever so much easier to find, and we can take advantage of all the berries and old dried fruits and the seeds, not to mention how much easier it will be to peck at the insects and things in the tree bark," Nutty continued.

"I'll speak to them if you like," volunteered Hattie.

"I'm afraid that would only make them more determined to get it," Woody Woodpecker observed.

"By the way, I think we're going to have quite a jolly crowd here for Christmas," Hattie Nuthatch said. "I met some Pine Grosbeaks over on the other side of the town. There were a few Purple Finches with them and they were expecting to be joined by some Cedar Waxwings and two or three Pine Siskins. They said that they were all going to the basement and accidentally fell off a bench, breaking her leg."

The public schools of Newmarket closed yesterday for Christmas vacation and will reopen on Jan. 3. All the teachers had closing exercises for the children and in the lowest forms they had Christmas trees. The children provided the program. A number of visitors were present at the King George school.

The pupils of the high school, with the assistance and advice of the staff, are having an "at home" among themselves in the assembly hall on Thursday evening.

The nomination meeting will be held in the town hall this Friday evening. The financial statement is now printed and in the clerk's hands for distribution.

On Wednesday morning the high boards were removed from the front of C. A. McCauley's new brick block, nearly opposite the post office, revealing three fine stores almost ready for occupancy. The plate glass windows were put in during the day and the work of removing the stock was commenced.

There was a grand market here yesterday morning and as many buyers as sellers. The price of poultry was ten cents a pound higher here than on the St. Lawrence market in Toronto the day previous. New laid eggs sold for 65 cents. Butter was anywhere from 42 to 45 cents a pound.

BORN—In Newmarket, on Dec. 16, 1916, to Mr. and Mrs. Heath Lydia St., a daughter.

BORN—In East Gwillimbury, on Dec. 19, 1916, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Pegg, a son.

"That is a thought," Mrs. Woody commanded him. "And a wise Christmas is so much jollier."

"Yes, but I doubt if enough people would remember the birds to feed all of them," said Merry Chickadee dubiously. "I think it would be much better for us on the whole, if we had a green Christmas."

"Yes, I think that is really the sensible attitude," another voice piped up. It was rather a high shrill voice and Merry looked around to see who had spoken.

"Oh, I didn't notice you at all," she said, when she had located the other bird. "And you must have been right beside me all the time."

"Please don't be sarcastic about my appearance," said the other bird, who was a Goldfinch. "Goodness knows I feel sensitive enough about my come-down in life since last summer, when there was a lovely bright yellow and shiny black. However, I still have touches of yellow around my throat, head and back, and my wings and tail are still black, even if the rest of me is a bit nondescript."

"Indeed, I wasn't being sarcastic at all," Merry hastily told him. "If I were as lovely as you are in the spring and summer I wouldn't mind at all being a bit drab in the winter. What was it you were saying about the snowy Christmas versus the green Christmas?"

"I said I thought the green Christmas would be better for us," said the Goldfinch. "It is so hard to find weed seeds, which we Goldfinches depend on, when the snow is deep. If it gets very snowy I would just have to move farther south."

"Oh, we hope you'll stay with us for a while," said Merry in friendly tones. "You Goldfinches are always cheerful and good company. Besides, Christmas is certainly one time when we all

have renewed the skating."

The town hall was occupied four or five days last week with the poultry show.

Word was received here on Monday that Pte. Hesson, son of the late W. H. Hesson, formerly of East Gwillimbury, died in the hospital from wounds received on the battle field of France.

At the King George school, one day last week, the little daughter of Mr. Walter Newton was play-



Ernest may be purchased at the following places: Spilletts, Bolton's, Campbell's Book Store, Bell's Drug Store and Best Drug Store.

Ernest was killed.

**SEASON'S GREETINGS!**MAY HEALTH AND
HAPPINESS BE YOURS
IN THE COMING YEAR**E. A. Boyd**

Real Estate and Insurance

**SEASON'S GREETINGS!**MAY HEALTH AND
HAPPINESS BE YOURS
IN THE COMING YEAR!

Merry Christmas, Too!

F. N. Chandler

Ladies' and Children's Wear

Main St. Newmarket

**JOYOUS GREETINGS**

To all our friends and customers we express our appreciation for their patronage during the past year, and wish all a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

W. H. EVES & CO.

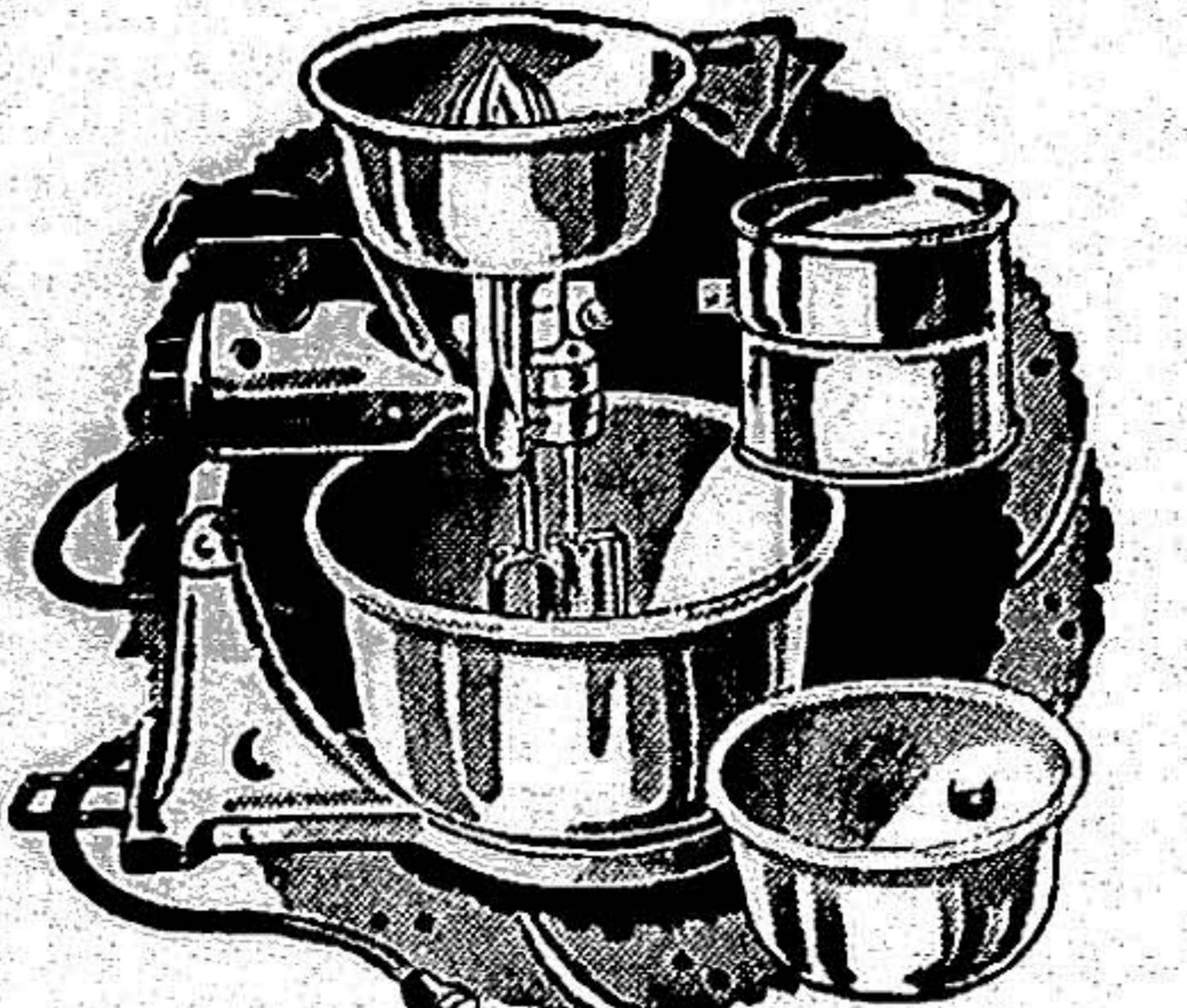
FUEL AND BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

EARLE WEDDEL, PROPRIETOR

PHONE 22- - HURON STREET

**CHRISTMAS TIME at
SMITH'S HARDWARE**COFFEE
MAKERS
\$4.95TOASTERS
\$2.50

GRILLS - \$4.00 HEATING PADS - \$3.00



MIXMASTER ELECTRIC MIXERS - \$37.50

NO ROOM AT THE INN

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

It had been snowing hard since seven o'clock. Vance Merriman, coming up the steps leading to his home, reflected that there would be a job for somebody in the morning. Ordinarily he would have planned to rise early to clear the steps and sidewalks of the snowy covering before breakfast; but Vance, his father, and sister, all had jobs, and he resolved to leave this work for some hungry man to whom the snowfall was equivalent to a fall of manna.

As he reached the porch, Vance saw a bundle before him. Some delivery man, overworked in the Christmas rush, had perhaps failed to ring the bell. This natural explanation ceased to satisfy Vance as he stopped to examine the parcel. It was wrapped not in paper, but in a blanket.

A sudden awful suspicion had taken possession of Vance. He touched the bundle gingerly, then lifted the blanket. At once his apprehensions were confirmed by a smothered wail.

Vance inserted his latchkey in the door and opened it. Stooping, he lifted the bundle in his arms. As he reached the hall, he shouted, "Mother!" The whole family answered the summons. His father and mother rushed from the living room! His sister, Vivian, addressing Christmas cards in her bedroom, flew down the stairs. Anna, the competent though youthful maid, came hurrying from the kitchen.

"What is it, Vance?" said Mrs. Merriman. "What has happened?"

"I found this on the porch. I think—somebody left a baby here."

"A baby!" repeated Mrs. Merriman aghast. "This winter night?" She took the bundle from her son's arms and the child, disturbed for the second time, began to cry shrilly.

"There's a paper pinned to the blanket," exclaimed Vivian. She carried it to the lamp and read the message aloud.

"He's nine months old, and the best baby, but there doesn't seem to be any room for him anywhere. Please be good to him."

Vance uttered an indignant exclamation. "I'm going to telephone the police station."

"Oh, Vance," cried his mother. She seemed so shocked that he explained, laughingly, "Why I'm not planning to have the baby arrested, Mother, but the police will know what institution to take him to."

"But surely that's not necessary tonight," said Mrs. Merriman. "Tomorrow I'll telephone the orphanges. The Collier Home would be a good place for him."

As if interested in the discussion of his immediate future, the baby stopped crying. When Mrs. Merriman declared against his resuming his travels that night, he suddenly laughed aloud. There are few sounds more poignant than baby laughter. The Merriman family gasped.

"Well, anyway, he's plucky," said Vance, the first to recover himself.

Anna, who had stood back listening, spoke rather timidly. "If the baby's to stay all night, Mrs. Merriman, I'll keep him with me."

Mrs. Merriman looked at her kindly. "I'm afraid that would be too hard for you, Anna. You're very busy just before Christmas."

"I shan't mind it," said the girl eagerly. "I took a lot of care of my little sister and a baby in the room won't bother me a bit."

Mrs. Merriman drew a breath of relief. "Then I think we'll call that settled," she replied. "Tomorrow I'll devote myself to finding a place for him."

In the morning when the Merrimans ate their breakfast, they were aware of unwanted sounds in the kitchen, soft coos, shrill squeals, grunts and gurgles. Anna, deaf and prompt as usual, had a half smile on her face as she went between the kitchen and the dining room.

Before they left for their work, Vance and Vivian went into the kitchen to take a farewell look at the baby. He lay on a pillow in a packing box which Anna had requisitioned. At the sight of them, he achieved a toothless smile. Vance gently poked the plump cheek. "Well, old chap, goodbye and good luck."

"He's really a pretty little fellow," pronounced Vivian, somewhat surprised.

Vivian was the earliest home that afternoon. When she entered the house, the first sight that met her eyes was her mother with the baby in her arms. "Why, Mother!" cried Vivian reproachfully.

Mrs. Merriman turned. "I've telephoned all over town," she said, "and I can't find a place for this child. This depression has filled all the homes to overflowing."

"Then you should have notified the police."

With all the rest of her work, Anna had found time to wash and iron the stranger's little garments. They were of cheap quality but the baby looked fresh and clean. When Mr. Merriman and Vance came in, he set himself at once to interest them, laughing, crowing and kicking off his shoes.

"Hello! You here," smiled Vance, although his tone was critical. "Thought I'd said goodbye to you for good."

Mrs. Merriman repeated the explanation she had given Vivian, and her son pointed out that the city institutions were under obligations to take charge of an abandoned child. "You'd better have Father do the telephoning," he said. "They won't try to put anything over on him."

"Your mother can attend to that as well as anybody," declared Mr. Merriman hurriedly, and went upstairs.

In the morning Vance and Vivian gave their mother careful instructions as to the best way to get rid of the unwanted guest. After business hours they went down town to buy a joint present and came home together. As they walked up the steps they heard the baby crying. "Listen to that," said Vance. "The child is still here. The fact is that Mother is too soft-hearted to get rid of him."

They went into the house feeling that the time for firmness had come. Their father and mother were in the living room and Vance addressed his mother with elaborate sarcasm. "I'm glad you were successful at last in disposing of the baby."

Mrs. Merriman did not pay his satire the tribute of a smile. "Something has come up," she said. "Anna wants to keep him."

"But how could she?" cried Vivian. "Of course she couldn't keep him here."

"That's what she would like to do."

"It would be interesting, wouldn't it," said Vance feelingly, "to invite some of the fellows to the office home to dinner and have a baby shrieking in the kitchen."

"Yes, or plan a party," said Vivian, "and have the house quarantined for measles."

Mrs. Merriman did not attempt to answer their arguments. She only said, "If we don't agree to it, Anna will leave."

"But where would she go?" asked Vivian indignantly.

"There's a place where they'll take her," replied Mrs. Merriman. "A woman she knows keeps a boarding house on Third St. I imagine Anna would have to work very hard, but the woman has always wanted her. Today she talked with her over the phone and the woman said she had a child of her own of the same age and that another baby in the house wouldn't make any difference. Anna told her she couldn't come till after Christmas anyway and she'd let her know what we decided."

"I'll have a talk with Anna after dinner," exclaimed Vivian. "Somebody ought to be able to make her see reason."

After the dessert, when the others had scattered, Vivian went out into the kitchen. The baby, in his improvised crib, kicked and gurgled at the sight of her. "I came to have a talk with you, Anna," said Vivian. "I can't imagine why you should want to do anything so silly as keeping the baby. What in the world made you think you wanted to do it?"

On the wall hung a calendar with a Bible verse for each day of the year. Anna put her finger on the date on which Vance had found the baby on the porch. "I guess that's the reason."

Vivian leaned closer. Slowly and incredulously she read aloud, "There was no room for them at the inn!"

There was a moment of silence and then Anna spoke. "Seems as if it was the same with this child. Mrs. Merriman has been telephoning for two days and they all say they're filled up. It scares me to think of taking care of somebody's baby, but somebody's got to find room for him."

"But, Anna," gasped Vivian. "That verse means—why, this is different, you see."

"No, I don't see," said Anna a little stubbornly. "Didn't the Lord Jesus say that what was done for the least of His was done for Him? It seems clear to me."

"But you see—" stammered Vivian, and then she paused.

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"I'll have a talk with Anna after dinner," exclaimed Vivian. "Somebody ought to be able to make her see reason."

"But where would she go?" asked Vivian indignantly.

they judged from this that her efforts had been unsuccessful, for at once Vance made a suggestion. "Now listen! I believe this thing will settle itself if we just leave it alone. So I say let things drift for the rest of the month, and I believe Anna will be ready to listen to reason."

"If we're going to have a baby in the house on Christmas, we ought to have a tree," said Vivian.

"I know what ails Vivian," laughed Vance. "She wants a tree herself and thinks a baby in the house is a good excuse."

Vivian accepted her brother's teasing with a tight-lipped smile. Something in Anna's attitude had changed her feeling about the baby. There was now something terrible in the thought that at Christmas, when the world rejoiced over the birth of a Child, any child should be unwelcome, unwanted.

Christmas Eve arrived and Vance brought home a lovely little spruce, which the Merrimans set up in a corner of the living room. The boxes of ornaments had been brought down from the garret and with much laughter they trimmed the tree. The Merriman family still hung up their stockings on Christmas Eve, and when Vivian brought her own, she brought along a pair of tiny white stockings. "I got a few little things for the baby," she said defiantly. "So I'm going to hang up this stocking along with the rest."

"Great minds run in the same channel," said Vance, gazing at her with a rather sheepish grin. "But stockings of that size don't hold much, so I'm going to hang mine, too."

Vance had bought pink stockings for the baby and a rubber turtle, a rattle that made a prodigious noise, and a woolly dog. As Vivian was examining over the assortment, Mrs. Merriman brought out a large package. "I got him a little cap and coat," she said. "It's from your father and me."

The baby entered into the spirit of his first Christmas in a most surprising manner. The Merrimans had been somewhat in doubt as to whether or not he would notice the tree; but when they brought him into the room where it stood radiant, the baby noticed nothing else. He gurgled and laughed. They found it difficult to distract his attention, even by giving him his presents, but the sonorous rattle proved a rival even to the Christmas tree. He sat shaking it joyously.

Anna had not planned to go out on Christmas Day, but Vivian insisted that she should. "Doesn't your church always have something on Christmas night?"

"Yes, but the baby might fuss and bother you. I'd better not leave him."

"I'm going to be home all the evening and I'll look after the baby. So run along and enjoy yourself."

After the baby was in bed and asleep and the usual visitors had gone, Vance noticed his sister busy with a paper and pencil. "Figuring up the cost?" he asked with a grin.

"I'm doing a little calculating," said Vivian, looking up.

The family became attentive. "Three of us are earning," the girl went on. "I was wondering what part of my salary I could put aside to go toward the baby's expenses."

"But Vivian," exclaimed Mrs. Merriman. "You said—"

"Anna is ready to take care of him," continued Vivian, disregarding the interruption. "and that's all she could do. Then I'll look after him every other Saturday, so Anna can get out, and any evening in the week that she selects."

"Aren't you going ahead rather fast?" demanded Vance. "This house belongs to Father and Mother, you know."

"This is just a hypothetical case. I'm just saying what we could do—if—I'm not suggesting adopting the baby, understand. But if we should look after him till he's a little older, we might find a good home for him. Of course, sometimes it would be hard and inconvenient. But somehow, on Christmas night it seems as if that amounted to very little compared with finding a place for a homeless child."

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READ ERA CLASSIFIEDS

My Answers Are

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
Name
Address

Winners See Laurel And Hardy Or Charlie McCarthy, But Must Solve Holiday Words

Answers for last week's contest had to be in at 9:30 o'clock this morning and 25 correct answers made the grade. Answers were: waitress, different, holly, carols, yearling, stocking, mistletoe, preferred, greetings and description.

Winners were drawn by Miss Elsie Plowright of the Vanity Beauty Shoppe, as follows: Mrs. Leslie McKnight, R. R. 3, Newmarket; Helen McBride, Newmarket; David Enge, Queensville; Mrs. E. Woolen, Newmarket; and Mrs. E. C. Johnston, Newmarket. They win double passes to the Strand for New Year's week and may get their passes any evening at the theatre. They may attend on Tuesday, Dec. 30, to see the riotous Abbott and Costello in "Hold That Ghost," and the added feature, "Mr. Celebrity," or on Friday, Jan. 2, to see Leon Errol and Lupe Velez in "The Mexican Spitfire's Baby" and Buster Crabbe in "Jungle Man."

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Answers to this week's contest

WANT-ADS

The rate for Want Ads is 25 cents for 25 words for one insertion; 40 cents for two insertions; 50 cents for three insertions. For over 25 words, each additional word, one insertion, one cent, additional insertions, one-half cent per insertion.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

E. A. BOYD
17 Main St.

REAL ESTATE — For Sale: Farms, Houses, Acres, Lots, INSURANCE—Automobile, Fire and Casualty.

FOR RENT

For rent—8-roomed house in Queensville, Hydro, Garage. Barn. House, 3 acres land. Apply Harry Knights, Queensville, or phone Queensville 500, c2w45

For rent—Three rooms. Heat, light and water. Housekeeping conveniences. Very reasonable. Write P.O. box 391 or enquire at 6 Ellen St., Newmarket. c3w17

FOR SALE

For sale—Boy's overcoat, blue, size 13-14 years. New condition. Padded hockey gloves, skates and boots, size 10-12 years. Phone 228

For sale—Modern and antique furniture of every description. Also men's, women's and children's clothing. Shoes, skates, snowshoes, skis, baby sleigh and baby pram. Will be sold cheap. Squires, 200 Main St., Newmarket. c2w40

For sale—Kiddies' cases, 25c up. Dolls' cases, 49c. Vanity overnight and suitcases, \$1.10 up. Ribbed bottoms, \$1.45. Extra quality work boots, special \$3.65. Mrs. A. Wolfe, 44 Main St., upstairs. c1w47

For sale—Boy's C.C.M. hockey skates and boots. Size 9. Just like new. Phone 180, Newmarket. c3w47

For sale—Quebec heater. In good condition. Medium size. Apply 16 Wesley St. c1w17

LOST

Lost—On Main St. on Saturday morning, set of car keys. Please leave at Era office. c1w17

Lost—On Main St. on Saturday, woolen scarf. Please return to Era office. c1w17

WANTED TO BUY

Wanted to buy—Good price paid for sound, clean date bags. Phone or write what you have to offer. Phone 657. J. A. Perks, Newmarket, P.O. 500. c1w17

FARM ITEMS

Wanted—Dead horses and cattle. For free pick-up phone Newmarket 79. We pay phone charges. Gordon Young Ltd., Toronto, phone Ad. 3639. c2w21

For sale—Quiet milking cow. Also some hens and pullets. Apply Arthur West, Holland Landing. c1w17

MISCELLANEOUS

For sale—Typewriter ribbons, 41 and 76, highest quality. Good service, long life. All black and Mack and red. Era for quality. t140

Try Era printing for quality and satisfaction at the lowest prices.

Ministers Will Speak During Week Of Prayer

A week of prayer will be observed in the Newmarket churches the week of Jan. 5 to Jan. 9. The meetings will begin at 8 o'clock each evening.

On Monday, Jan. 5, at Trinity United church, Capt. E. J. Falls and Rev. Arthur Greer will speak on "Our Democratic Inheritance." This will be young people's night. On Tuesday, Jan. 6, at the Salvation Army citadel, Rev. Jos. A. Koffend will speak on "Why Pray?"

On Wednesday, Jan. 7, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Rev. Arthur E. Runnells will speak on "The Family and the Community." On Thursday at the Friends' Meeting House Rev. H. V. Muxworthy will speak on "The Call for Supreme Sacrifice." On Friday at the Congregational-Christian church Rev. Burton S. Hill will speak on "A Formula for Victory."

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JOHN KENNEDY DIES FOLLOWING STROKE

A former well-known resident of Newmarket, John Kennedy, died at his home in Ottawa on Dec. 20, following a stroke, in his 60th year.

Born in Newmarket, he was the only son of Mary Hogan and Michael Kennedy. He was a foreman in the metal department of the Office Specialty Mfg. Co. here until about 13 years ago when he moved to Ottawa.

In his younger days, Mr. Kennedy was a lacrosse and hockey player of note, playing on a number of local teams. He was also a talented dancer and for some years conducted dancing classes. Mr. Kennedy was a Roman Catholic. In politics he was a Liberal.

The funeral service was held on Dec. 16, with interment in Ottawa.

Surviving besides his widow, Matilda Hampel, are two daughters, Mary and Helen, three sons, John, with the R.C.A.F., Francis and George, and two sisters, Margaret of Newmarket and Mrs. Wallace (Netta) of Birmingham, Mich.

ROADHOUSE & ROSE Funeral Directors

MAIN STREET, NEWMARKET.

Era printing costs little.

CHURCHES

BIRTHS

Bradley—At Grace hospital on Thursday, Dec. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Sid Bradley (nee Cordelia Crossberry), Zephyr, a daughter. Both doing well.

Holley—On Friday, Dec. 19, at St. Joseph's hospital, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holley of Weston (nee Doris Gee, formerly of Newmarket), a daughter.

Keffler—At York county hospital, Dec. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Keffler, Newmarket, a daughter.

Rundle—At York county hospital, Friday, Dec. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rundle (nee Margaret Knights), Newmarket, a son, Robert Albert.

DEATHS

Broughton—At Bradford, on Sunday, Dec. 21, Janie Broughton, second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Broughton.

Funeral service at her late residence, Bradford, on Wednesday at 3 o'clock, D.S.T. Interment Mount Pleasant cemetery, Bradford.

Burch—At the residence of her daughter, Mrs. R. C. Winters, Matilda, on Thursday, Dec. 18, Mary Amelia Burch, in her 83rd year. The funeral service is being conducted by Rev. J. A. Koffend this afternoon at her residence, with interment in Newmarket cemetery.

Cane—At Newmarket, on Thursday, Dec. 18, Joseph Eugene Cane, husband of Myrtle Rowland, father of Mrs. George A. Beck (Grace) and Mrs. William F. Beck (Bernice), in his 82nd year.

The funeral service was held at St. James' church, Sutton, on Sunday afternoon. Interment St. James' cemetery, Sutton.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Phone 12

—Miss Helen Brymer of the C.W.C.A. spent last weekend in Newmarket with her mother, Mrs. Clara Brymer.

—Mr. Jos. Dales, student at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, is spending the Christmas holiday with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Dales.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dales of Toronto and Mr. Robert Dales of Sault Ste. Marie, will be spending Christmas with Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Dales.

—Miss Myrda McCabe of Toronto spent the weekend with her mother, Mrs. Alex. Hughston.

—Mr. Jack VanZant, who has been sailing on the Great Lakes the past summer, is home for the winter months.

—Mrs. Alex. Hughston spent Tuesday visiting her mother, Mrs. Thos. Agnew, Tottenham.

—Mr. and Mrs. Allen Bartholomew and daughters, Alene and Beverley, will spend Christmas Day with Mr. Bartholomew's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Audrey Bartholomew, Stouffville.

—Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Boyd of Toronto, who are home from a tour through China, will spend Christmas Day with Rev. Mr. Boyd's brother, Dr. S. J. Boyd.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bud Lauria and family of Toronto spent Sunday with Mr. Lauria's sister, Mrs. W. Boyd.

—Mr. Chas. Tyron of Collingwood is visiting at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. W. M. Ruddock, and Mr. Ruddock.

—Mr. George Rosamond of Malton spent the weekend with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rosamond.

—Misses Florence and Miriam Trewella are expected to spend the Christmas holiday weekend at their home.

—Mr. Eric Carter, who is teaching school in Mount Forest, is home for the Christmas holidays.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. Ackroyd and family will spend Christmas Day in Toronto, the guests of Mrs. Ackroyd's brother, Mr. Bud Lauria, and Mrs. Lauria.

WEDDING

ELMHURST BEACH

L. B. Pollock Is Ontario Fox Pelt Champion

Friends are sorry to hear that James Peters is so ill, but hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lockerbie received a radiogram on Wednesday from their daughter, Mrs. James Thoms of Pangnirtung, Baffin Land, sending them Christmas greetings, and also greetings to all their friends, and said that all were well up there.

—Mr. Eric Carter, who is teaching school in Mount Forest, is home

Mount Albert

where he has been working, and Nora Wilson is home from Toronto, recovering from a serious illness, which confined her to the hospital for some few weeks.

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"PARSON OF PANIMINT"

FRIDAY - SATURDAY - DECEMBER 26 - 27
WALLACE BEERY - MAJORIE MAIN

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MONDAY - TUESDAY - WEDNESDAY - DEC. 29 - 30 - 31
MATINEE MONDAY AT 2 P.M.

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"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"

Midnight show New Year's eve at 12:00 - Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard in "The Cat and the Canary" and Richard Dix and Patricia Morrison in "The Round Up."

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1, 2 and 3 - Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray in "Dive Bomber."

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NOW PLAYING - Randolph Scott - Gene Tierney in
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Special Matinee Christmas Day Starting at 2 p.m.

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HOLD THAT GHOST!

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"MR. CELEBRITY"

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PLAN TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT OUR SPECIAL NEW

YEAR'S EVE MIDNITE SHOW STARTING 12:05 A.M.

For more information apply Ticket Agents.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

POLLOCK FOXES TAKE PROVINCIAL HONORS



Lloyd B. Pollock, Elmhurst Beach silver fox breeder, carried off most of the honors last week at the Ontario Fur Breeders' Association annual pelt show in Toronto. He won the grand championship for silver fox pelt, two reserve championships and eight of the ten other silver fox trophies awarded. Above appears one of Mr. Pollock's fine show animals of a couple of years ago.

FLYING THROUGH HOSTILE SKIES
CANADIAN EDITORS REACH ENGLAND

This is an article written following a flight to Great Britain, by Hugh Temple of the Fergus News-Record.

The first close contacts with war came at Bermuda. Because of bad weather at the Azores, the Dixie Clipper turned back during the night and the first six Canadian editors spent over a day on that island. Not only are there two naval bases on the islands, one British and the other American, but the big American PBV flying boats (Catalinas, the British call them), took off regularly every two hours or so to patrol the nearby ocean. It was obvious that the U.S. navy was definitely in the war even then. During chance to see several ships of my stay in Bermuda, I had a

Mrs. Broad has gone to spend some weeks with her daughter, Mrs. C. Pegg, at Smithville.

The library board realized \$21.45 from the sale of tickets on the turkey donated by Dr. and Mrs. G. W. F. Macpherson and won by Mrs. D. Butler.

The Rye family are holding a family party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Allison.

Miss Jessie Oldham has moved to the home of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. Doug. Butler are spending their holidays with Mr. Butler's parents in Oshawa.

CARELESS

Old lady (meeting a one-legged tramp on the street): "Poor man, you have lost a leg, haven't you?"

Tramp (looking down): "Well, I'll be darned if I haven't!"

TORONTO MARKETS

Butter, creamery solids, No. 1, were 33¢ cents a pound and creamery prints, first grade, were quoted to retail trade at 35¢ to 35½ cents a pound on the Toronto markets on Saturday morning. Eggs, grade A large, were 31 cents a dozen, A medium, 29 cents, and A pullets, 26 cents a dozen on a cases free, delivered to Toronto basis.

Nominal prices to the shipper for poultry were: young turkeys, 10 pounds and over, 30 to 31 cents; young geese, over eight pounds, 20 cents; spring broilers, 13 to 2½ pounds, 24 cents; spring chickens, 2½ to 4 pounds, 19 cents a pound.

A FIRST GRIM EXAMPLE OF WAR

The first grim example of a world at war came the morning after the clipper had left Bermuda. I awoke and stretched in my comfortable berth, and then looked out the little window. Eight thousand feet below there was a great patch of oil upon the water, with long streaks out towards the west. Nearby,

two little lifeboats floated on the great expanse of ocean. From that height, they appeared to be empty, but perhaps I was mistaken.

I wondered what to do. No

doubt the crew, watching all the time, had seen the same thing I had discovered. What would they do about it? Anxiously I

watched the shadow of the motor on the wing to see if we would

circle and offer aid, though just

what the clipper crew could do seemed uncertain. Later, I

learned that the radio operator had sent word to an American destroyer, which was already on its way to give help, after receiving an S.O.S. call. I never knew the name or nationality of the steamer, or the fate of the crew.

IN TOUCH WITH THE ENEMY

At Lisbon, we came in closer touch with the enemy. Portugal is neutral. It may be that the warring nations find it to their advantage to keep the country that way. Lisbon is full of spies of all nationalities, refugees, people who once had money and now have none, gangsters who

would make money out of the war. To that port only, in all

Europe, American ships and planes have been allowed to go.

The feeling of tension and intrigue soon becomes apparent to every visitor. There is a saying that "Germany doesn't even need to invade Portugal; Hitler can take the country by telephone any time he likes." That is partly German propaganda, but it doesn't make a stay in Portugal any more pleasant. Those who go to Lisbon now are not on holidays.

Our stay in Lisbon while on

the way to England was brief.

It was midnight when our group cleared the Portuguese customs.

Out in a tiny courtyard, taxi-drivers pushed and jostled and shouted in a strange language.

The British embassy people got us placed in a big car, supplied us with Portuguese escudos and sent us away to the Estoril Pal-

acia.

That 15-mile drive to the sea-

side resort of Estoril was the

most exciting of my life. It was,

perhaps, a taste of things to come. Most Lisbon streets are

narrow but two cars can pass

with care. But there is an added

complication when there is also a

street car running down the

centre. In places, an automobile

could not pass a street car.

That did not seem to worry the

driver. He would go at 60 or 70

miles an hour until he saw a

street car coming; then he would

jam on his brakes and turn into

the nearest side street. Once he

barely made the turn, running

up to the sidewalk. After the

street car had passed, he backed

out again and continued on his

way to the hotel. It is said that

Lisbon taxi-drivers have just one accident—their last.

The porter at the hotel collected our precious passports and assigned room numbers, while sleepy waiters served our first European meal, which was excellent. B. K. Sandwell and I went up to our rooms in the elevator with a German and an Italian.

AN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

I was away again, long before daylight, to Cintra airport. The Portuguese farmers must have spent hundreds of years building stone walls along the roads, and it was a foggy morning but this time the taxi-driver was cautious and crawled along over greasy pavements.

In a Europe at war, Cintra airport is surely a unique place. Out on the field stood three planes, one Dutch, one Portuguese and one Spanish. The Spanish one looked as if it would not lift off the ground; the Dutch plane was heavily camouflaged.

Inside, the ticket offices of the British Overseas Airways and the KLM (which is the Royal Dutch Airlines) are on one side of the hallway, and the Lufthansa (German) and the Italian Lines on the other. The passengers all go out to the field through the same doorway and are weighed on the same scales, in kilograms.

A young Portuguese served us tea and cakes. He spoke English.

He lived three years in New York and went to school there, but he still had a grievance against his teacher. She did not

know that Portugal was a separate nation. She insisted he was a Spaniard. No wonder it rankled.

A deep ditch separated the air field from a sheep pasture. On one side were the planes, backed by a group of ultra-modern buildings. On the other side was an old shepherd with a staff and long flowing robes. As he walked, he called to his sheep and they followed him. He might have stepped right out of the Old Testament. Behind him, the mountains of Portugal were tipped with sunrise pink.

FLYING OVER PORTUGAL

I was glad when the plane rose from the bumpy runway of the Cintra airport and left the soil of Portugal behind. Somehow the air seemed more free and more safe, though really it was a dangerous trip that lay ahead. The Dutch crew looked like mere boys, but they said they would reach England at three o'clock that afternoon and they brought us down at one minute to three. There is no waiting for perfect weather on that trip; the planes run on a time schedule.

Grattan O'Leary and I sat in the front seat of the Douglas. The Ottawa editor slept much of the time, but I was interested in the almost perfect performance of that young crew, taking a land plane on a long sea voyage. I could see the altimeter and I knew with what skill they flew their Douglas through the dangerous air opposite the unfriendly coast of Occupied France.

As long as we travelled beside the coasts of Portugal, the plane stayed low and I could see the little white houses with their red tiled roofs, the white stone fences along the roads, the churches on the hills, and an occasional city. Near Oporto, we came in over the swampy coast and landed on an airport which was little more than a pasture field. While the Douglas was being refueled, a train of tiny cars drew up beside a sugar refinery not far away. Along the borders of the airport was a stream. At a broad pool, Portuguese women were busy doing the family washing, beating the clothes on the stones and hanging them to dry on the bushes growing along the bank.

OVER THE OCEAN IN A LAND PLANE

The route after leaving the northwest corner of Spain is probably a secret and no doubt it varies somewhat with each trip. We no longer flew low, but so far above the clouds that they looked like the Prairies in winter—an even, glaring white. The pilot chose a height of more than

two miles above the water, and after that the altimeter needle never varied for hours at a time.

It was a little too high for comfort. Looking down at my finger nails, I saw that they had turned a bright blue, and there was a numbness in my hands and feet. That wasn't important then. Far more important was the fact that an enemy plane could have been seen 25 miles or

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SEASON'S
GREETINGS
to One
and All

more away against that snowy background. It is said that planes have been molested on that route, but none has ever been lost.

At noon, one of the Dutch boys gave me a box lunch and a light ray. The lunch was huge, but so was my appetite. There was a large cut of some kind of fowl, which intrigued most of the Canadians. One editor ventured the opinion that it was ostrich. Possibly it was a Portuguese turkey. "All in the Front Line Now!"

Before the British Isles were in sight, the windows of the plane were covered with locked shutters and the passengers saw nothing of the land until the plane came down with scarcely a bump on British soil.

I stepped out into the sunlight and looked around curiously. The low buildings were camouflaged. Walls of sandbags were built in front of the doors and windows. A big Wellington bomber, the first big I had ever seen, was taking to the air and passed over my head. The buildings of a city showed over a low hill and above the hill floated several barrage balloons. They looked exactly like photographs I had seen so often—from that distance like silvery hot-dogs in the sky, with a piece of the sausage hanging out one end of the bun.

This was our first sight of England in wartime! We were "all in the front line now!"

Chinese patient (on telephone): "Doctor what time you fixe teeth for me?"

Doc: "Two-thirty—all right?"

Chinese: "Yes, toot hurly, all right, but what time you fix